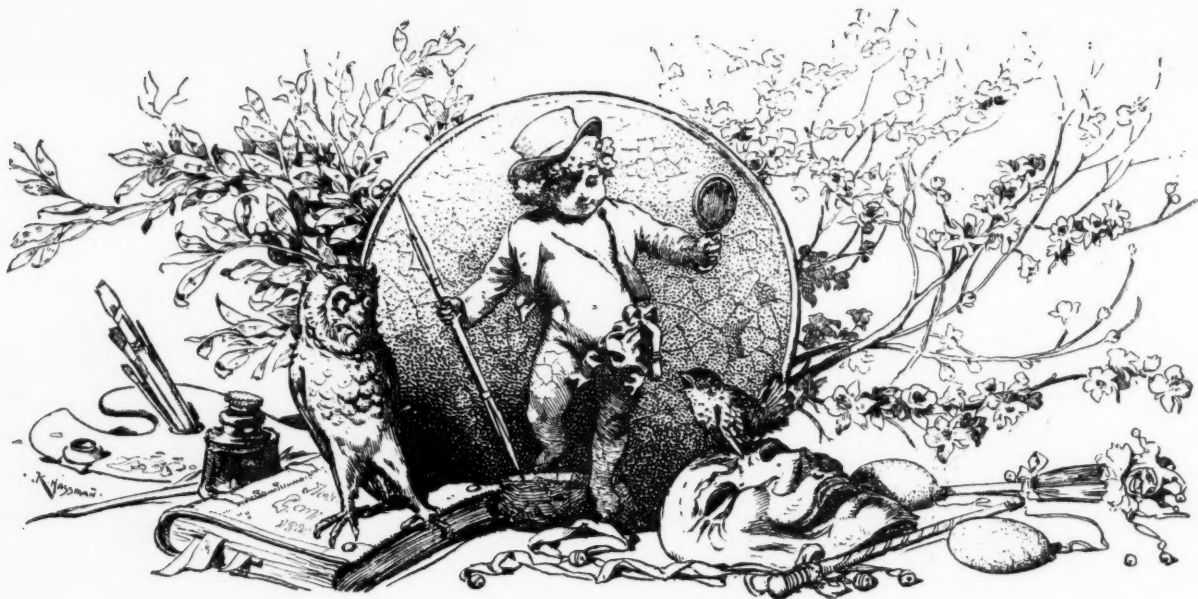




THE MAID OF THE SUMMER SURF.



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Cartoons and Comments

THE ORACLE OF PARK ROW.

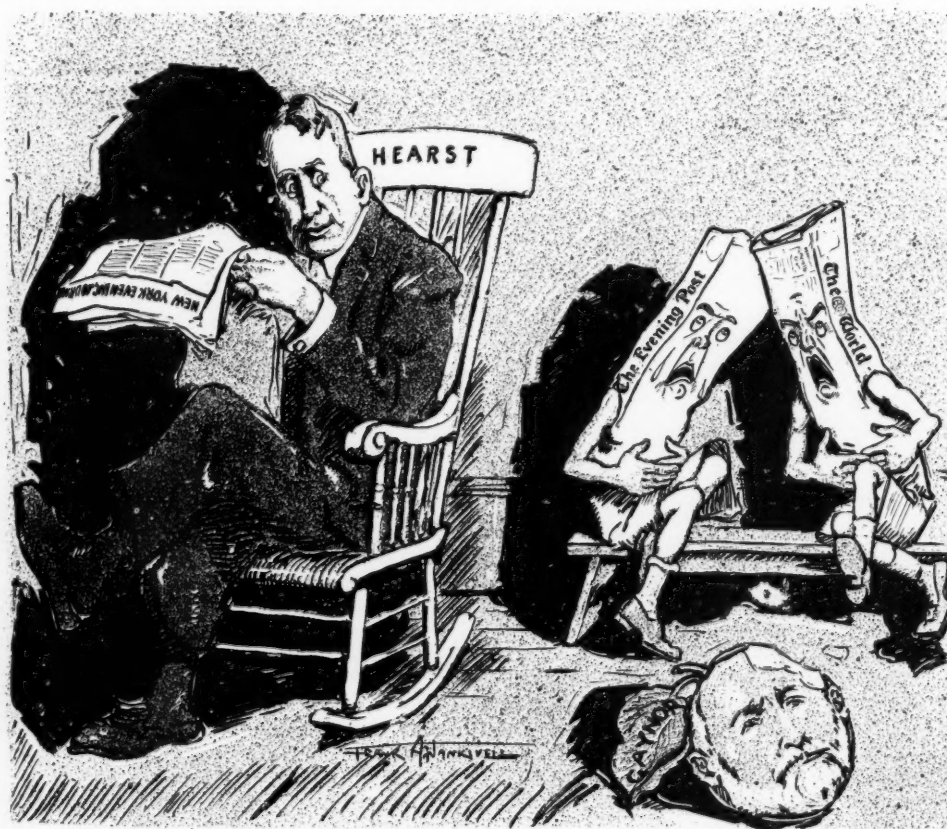
AMONG the pleasantries of New York journalism are the frequent reminders of the HEARST publications to the *World* and the *Post* that HEARST told them so. The HEARST papers knew it all along, and they never miss a chance to rub it in. Whenever the *World* or the *Post* ventures to disapprove of any act of Mayor GAYNOR's, Mr. BRISBANE recalls their attention to what the *Journal* said about GAYNOR in the campaign. Nothing bitter in the reminder; no unseemly gloating; all is patience and calm forbearance. There is but one oracle in New York, and its name begins with WILLIAM RANDOLPH. If the rest of the journalistic fraternity will but recognize this palpable truth they may yet be happy. If not — well, you see how failure to do so has embarrassed the *World* and the *Post*. Just to hint, however, that even oracles may sometimes live in glass temples, we dig out of memory the fact that the HEARST publications once supported GEORGE B. McCLELLAN for mayor of New York; in fact, were almost lonely in their support of him. We never heard that HEARST paid homage to the other newspapers of the town, and humbly acknowledged their superior judgment of men, when it suited his pleasure to be disillusioned as to

Mayor McCLELLAN. Only one candidate for Mayor of New York was ever perfect and capable to a certainty of turning the bitterest pre-election opponent into the most devoted administration advocate; and he, unfortunately, was beaten by both McCLELLAN and GAYNOR.

IT IS so regular a feature of its yearly proceedings that even the rather original character of the "heresies" was powerless to give an atmosphere of thrill to the Presbytery's latest

heresy trial. The trial and the verdict of guilty may both serve a purpose, however. If the reverend gentlemen who comprise the General Assembly will occupy themselves with other thoughts than the question of UZZIAH's demise, whether he was stricken by the hand of the Almighty, according to the Old Testament, or whether he was stricken with heart-failure, according to the latest heretic, they may possibly detect a relation between the falling off in church attendance, which the Assembly found so universal and so marked, and the quibbling of grown men, with power to do real service in this world, over matters of the musty past. Settled according to orthodoxy or heterodoxy, they do not help in the slightest toward an understanding of present-day problems or to the righting of present-day wrongs. If reverend gentlemen, not only of the Presbyterian but of other denominations whose attendance has fallen off, will devote a little of their spare time to this line of thought, we feel reasonably sure that they will see the relation in question. The relation is extremely obvious to the earnest men who "do not go to church."

IT COST U. S. Steel \$320,000,000 to oust the warring factor, CARNEGIE, from the business. No wonder ANDY loves peace.



THE AMENITIES OF NEW YORK JOURNALISM.

HEARST. — Next time, perhaps, you boys will take Uncle Willie's advice. I told you that would make you sick.

ENTERTAINING THE BABY.



HERE was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He had a brow shaped a good deal like a common,
everyday, domesticated dill-pickle,
And great width betwixt the eyes.

He also had a little son,
Who was his pride and joy—
Or, more accurately speaking, would have been, had
not the infant been infested with seven demons of un-
rest which kept him howling and raising whacky while
his mother was away—
This contumacious boy!

'T was not the fault of appetite;
He had the proper diet.
The trouble 'peared to be that he had inherited from
his ancestors, certain of whom had been more or less
famous orators, a disinclination to keep still
And a marked distaste for quiet.

"Eureka! I have found it!"
The wise man cried one day.
He kept the infant quiet—without resorting to hypnotism, gag, chloroform,
or any of the harmful sedatives proscribed by the Pure Food and Drugs Act—
While his Mamma was away.

He put a dab of mucilage
In Baby's pink left palm.
And also placed a dab of mucilage in the child's other hand, and stuck a nice little
fluffy white feather in the infant's first-mentioned paw,
And never felt a qualm!

At once both the baby's eyes
With kindled interest shone.
He picked the little feather out of his left hand with his right hand and then picked
it out of his right hand with his left hand and then picked it out of that hand with
this hand and then out of this hand with the other hand, and so continued,
without uttering a sound, until his reason
Began to totter on its throne.

This game continued steadily,
And never once did cease,
Every time the wife and mother went away, which, as she was a prominent club-
woman, was the big end of the time; and the baby picked at the little white
feather with unflagging zeal until he finally lost his mind completely;
But his wise Papa had peace.

(Nota Bene: That erstwhile innocent child grew up to be one of the world's
most famous Philatelists and Numismatists.)
Tom P. Morgan.



EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—What! Don't you want to go to
Heaven when you die?
LITTLE EMMA.—Well, you see, our family could n't think of living
in one place the whole year round!

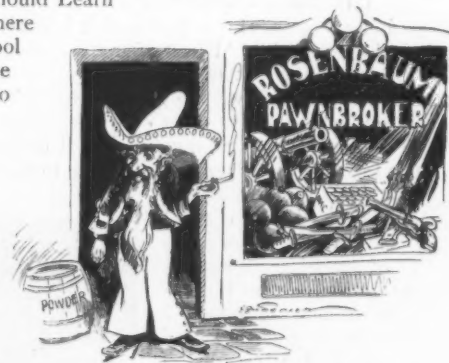


EFFECTIVE AID.

NEW OFFICIAL.—Why should I give you a job? You worked for
my opponent.
APPLICANT.—Sure! That's what queered him!

HOW IT WENT.

ONCE upon a Time, there was a Rabbit that took a Drink of Whisky
of the Kind that is said to make a Rabbit fight a Bulldog. He
duly attacked the first Bulldog he met, and was promptly slain. The
Bulldog had just taken a Drink of the same Kind of Whisky.
Moral: From this we should Learn
that a Bluff is only Good where
it will Go, and when we fool
with a Fool we should be
certain we have the Fool to
fool with.



REVOLUTIONARY STOCK.

PREFERENCE.

"WE wants to git
mar'd!" an-
nounced a large, de-
termined-looking col-
ored lady, who had
dragged a skimpy,
shrinking little black man
into the office of 'Squire
Peavy, the well-known Arkan-
sas Justice of the Peace. "Wants
to git mar'd, sah, and yo' kin dess please leave dat ar word 'obey'
out'n muh po'tion o' de sarrymony, uh-kaze why: I's one o' dese
yuh 'Ooman Sufferers, I is, and I dess tell yo' right now I don't
b'lieve no man is got a right to 'spect a 'oman to—"
"Here! Here! This is no debating society!" interrupted the
jurist. "Mordecai, do you want to marry this woman?"
"Uh-well, sah," a bit shakily replied the skimpy gentleman, "if
it's all de same to yo', sah, kain't yo' dess as handy send me to jail—
say, for chicken-stealin' or suppin' dat-uh-way? I's guilty o' any-
thing yo' says, sah, and 'bleeged to yo' foh de favor."

WEALTHY.

VISITOR.—Was old man Jones well fixed, do you know?
NATIVE.—You bet! He left prize-contest coupons good for
forty-five dollars on a thousand-dollar piano; five dollars' credit on a
sewing-machine, another one for first payment of three dollars in a series
of seventy-five payments on a Long Island lot, and a missing-word
coupon good for seven dollars' worth of groceries in a Chicago house if
you bought a hundred dollars' worth first.

**Death loves a shining mark; likewise the mark who has allotted his life
insurance to lapse.**

ON THE TRAIL WITH A POLICE DOG.



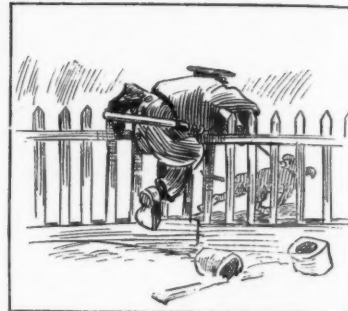
FINDING THE SCENT.



FOUND!



THICK AND THIN.



HIGH AND LOW.

ALL OVER.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.—I hope to heaven the tradesmen won't expect any of their bills to be paid under ninety days. They'll get left if they do. And what in time was the use of the caterer bringing such loads of ice-cream and other slush that was not used? Of course I've got to pay for it. Another wedding in the family, by jacks, and I'll have to take the poor debtor's oath. If any of the other girls get married I'll give them a hundred dollars if they'll elope!

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.—Every one said that it was one of the loveliest weddings they ever attended! White satin was so particularly becoming to Helen! Every one said she looked lovely! And I am sure that Will never before looked so handsome! And only six or seven pieces of plated ware among all the presents! Only think! More than two hundred presents! But I'm awfully worried about the dining-room rug! It's all spotted with coffee and ices, and cake has been dropped and stepped on. It will have to have a naphtha cleansing. But everything *did* go off so beautifully!

THE BRIDE'S YOUNGEST BROTHER.—Hully gee! But that frozen pudding was bully! It had a stick in it all right, too! I had six dishes of it! I thought I'd bust after the ninth piece of cake! Me and Billy Baxter was the first ones in the dining-room and the last to leave! But that frappy slush was no good! Nothin' but frozen water with orange juice in it! But the other eats was all right!

THE BRIDE'S SISTER BELLE.—I don't care! I don't think that it is fair for me to have to give up going to the seashore and having hardly anything just because Helen's wedding cost so much! The one new gown I got out of it to wear as maid-of-honor isn't going to be of any use to me if I have to stay at home all summer! I guess that if we had another wedding in the family this year the rest of us would have to live on salt and potatoes, and wear nothing but pajamas and kimonos the rest of the year.

THE BRIDE'S BROTHER BEN.—What in time was the sense of Helen having a tail twelve feet long on her dress? It must have cost more than the dress itself. The next time we have a wedding in the family I'll clear out a month beforehand and keep away until all traces of the wreck and ruin of it have been removed! I thought I'd have the very coat torn off my back when the dining-room door was thrown



RUN TO EARTH!



TRIUMPH!

open and the mob made for the ice-cream!

THE DISGRUNTLED GUEST.—Why *will* people ask three hundred guests to a house that one hundred would crowd? We had to get out of the house by way of the back stairs and the kitchen, and then on out through an alley to the street! My dress is a ruin! I believe that there were one hundred people in that

fifteen-by-seventeen dining-room at one time! But anything on earth to

rake in a lot of wedding-present trumpery! Their house will look like a trading-stamp store when they get all that stuff in it!

ONE OF THE TRADESMEN.—My bill is a little over three hundred dollars and I mean to present it to-morrow. I'm going to demand a note for it if nothing else. Of course, I know that we never would have been invited if they had n't owed me so much. I wish I had back that lamp I sent, for they had two others almost exactly like it.

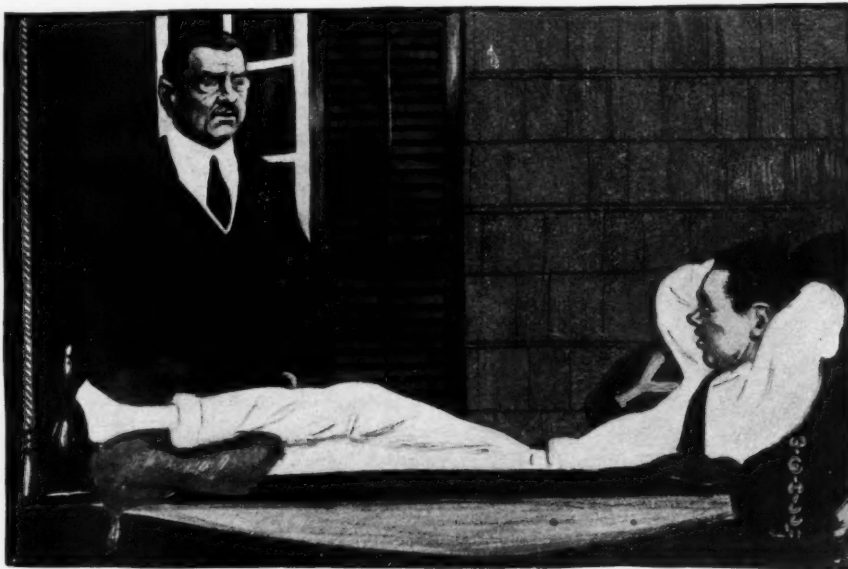
THE BEST MAN.—Poor Will! I pity him getting married on twenty-five a week in this age of the world! He will find it harder than ever standing off his tailor with a wife to provide for. I bet you he'll come home from his wedding toot dead broke. No matrimony in mine!

THE COOK.—Let thim say weddin' to me wanst more an' Oi lave! Luk at me kitchen! It do luk loike a shyclone had hit ut! An' the males irregular, an' th' whole house upset for a month, an' arl for a little weddin' that was over wid in tin minnits! It do be arl dom nonsinse!

THE BRIDE.—O, Will! *did n't* everything go off beautifully? Only I was *horribly* nervous. Did n't you notice how my hand *shook* when you put on the ring? What if I *had* fainted? *Horrors!* And what if you *had* dropped the ring? Was n't it *horrid* the way they pelted us

with rice and confetti? Do see if there is any rice in my hair or on my hat! How strange it seems to be starting off alone with you this way! You know, I don't feel one bit as if we were really married! How queer it all seems! Poor mamma! How she will miss me! How awfully good and sweet every one was in the way of presents! *Six* silver tea-sets! *Only think!* And yet I'm glad it's all over with! Are n't you?

THE BRIDEGROOM.—You bet I am! Talk about being nervous! It's a wonder I did n't drop the ring! The boys did stand by us nobly, did n't they? I really hardly expected them to come down quite so heavy with silver, cut-glass, and things. You looked like an angel in your wedding togs—honest you did, darling! That's straight! I feel ten years younger now it's all over! *M. M.*



A FINE DISTINCTION.

FATHER.—Have you done any thinking about how you are to meet your debts?

SON.—No, Dad; but I've done a deuce of a lot of wondering!

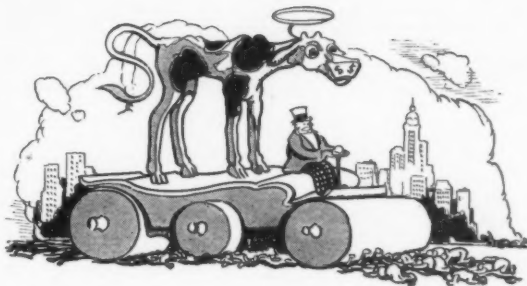
Lots of us are born small, achieve less, and have nothing thrust upon us.



THE Divine Right of Kings
Was a doctrine so sound
That the world stood in awe
At its meaning profound;
So the King copped the land,
And he gave it away
To the Barons and Dukes
Who were asking for pay.

And the Barons and Dukes
And the rest of the gang
(Who were burly and strong,
And too ugly to hang),
With a cinch on the farms
And a pull with the King,
They proceeded to squeeze
For the good of the Ring!

Divine Rights.



And the Common Folks worked,
And they suffered and sweat;
There was fighting to do,
There was little to get.
But the King was Divine,
And the Nobles high-born,
So the Clods were content
To be tattered and torn!

The Divine Right of Kings
Is a fable, we say;
As a relic of night
We have thrown it away;
And we cheer and applaud,
With a roar and a crash,
For the creed up to date —
The Divine Right of Cash!
Charles Irvin Junkin.



The Applifter



THE people's reading nowadays
Is nothing but frivolity,
I'm doing all I can to raise
Its literary quality;
To editors I send my stuff,
Explaining what I aim to do,
They chuck it back in manner gruff,
A thing I think it shame to do.

For I am giving them a chance
To build their reputation up,
The art of writing to advance
(And boost their circulation up).
Yet—pardon slang—they throw me down
With insolent impunity;
Indeed, they seem to scowl and frown,
At me—their opportunity.

Ah well, if editors will not
Accept the things I proffer them,
But keep on printing all the rot
That many others offer them,
If to be short of fame and pelf
My literary fate it is,
I still can read my stuff myself
And tell myself how great it is!

Berton Braley.

HEFTY MITCHELL'S CRIME.



HEY had Hefty Mitchell, manager of the O-You-Kid moving-picture show, on trial the other day," explained the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "and—eh? No; he was n't tried for running a moving-picture show—they don't arrest 'em here for that, unless the place is really nickelodious, which his ain't, exactly.

"He was charged with assault, but I think, all things considered, that he was fully as much sinned against as sinning, as the saying goes. You see, the theatre was crowded that night, as Hefty had an especially good program—it was the 'Life of Moses,' with Pharaoh in the Dead Sea, and the professor at the piano playing 'Come on In, the Water's Fine!,' and all that, interspersed by the famous comedians, Begash & Begadd, in a button-bustin' interlude.

"Anyhow, a row of people were standing in the aisle, from close to the back to pretty near down front. And right at the most interesting point, where Begadd was throwing back-summersets on his co-partner's chest, Hefty Mitchell tiptoed up behind the last man in the row in the aisle and whispered to him he wished he'd kind a' move forward a little b'cuz there was a couple more general admissions that wanted to get in. And the feller he spoke to gave a sort of a yell and jumped against the back of the man ahead of him so hard that the whole string of folks lurched forward and tumbled down like a row of bricks. The floor sloped considerable, the people piled up pretty bad, and there was a lot of kicking around; the feller farthest in front was a wooden-legged man by the name of I forget what; he was bruised up a good deal and his wooden leg broken.

The behindmost man in the row had Hefty Mitchell arrested, and swore that Hefty, when he come up behind him, pushed him with malice aforethought and his hands, which, together with a boil he had back there somewhere, made him jump ahead with as much ferocity as if he had been shot out of a cataleptic, and the whole row of people tumbled down as aforesaid, though in my opinion nobody but a blame fool would bring a boil to such a place, even if a picture-show is a democratic institution! Well, Hefty swore that he never as much as put his hand on the feller, and I was a witness and collaborated him, b'cuz I was settin' right there, saw it all, and remembered noticing that Hefty had his hands in his pockets the whole time, and thought to my-

self that it was kind o'—aw-haw!—funny to see a theatrical manager with his hands in his own pockets. I was n't asked, and so did n't mention it, but the actual fact was that Hefty is fat, and his abdomen predominates so that when he attempted to whisper in the feller's ear he pushed him without putting a hand on him.

"And as the wooden-legged man stuck his timber toe through a knot-hole in the floor when he took a step forward, and it was cross-grained where it broke off anyhow, I could n't see why Hefty ought to be fined, unless the wooden-legged man and the boil feller were fined too. It looked to me like distributory negligence all around; so I kept still about the rest of it, and Hefty was acquitted."

Tom P. Morgan.



SCINTILLATING.

FORTUNE-TELLER.—You have a brilliant financial career before you. I can see four Grand-Jury indictments and a term in the penitentiary!

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Place. Stock Company in repertoire.

Casino, Bway and 39th St. All-Star revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." Comic opera. Evenings 8:15.

Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.

Colonial, Bway and 62d St. Henry Miller and company and other staracts. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Folies Bergère, 46th St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville, Ballet, Cabaret Show. "More Parisian than Paris." Evenings 8:15.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections, by Rupert Hughes.

Grand Opera House, 8th Ave. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "A Country Girl," with John Slavin. Evenings 8:15.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Everywoman." A modern Morality play. Evenings 8:15.

Nazimova's, 20th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy *de luxe* founded on "La Satyre."

New Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15. Daily matinees.

Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

West End, 125th W. of 8th Ave. Robert T. Haines Stock Co. in "The Lion and the Mouse." Evenings 8:15.

Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. "The Musical Revue of 1911." Evenings at 8.

POLITICAL LEADER.—How does Bump stand?
HENCHMAN.—All right, I guess. He belongs to the same political party as we do.
POLITICAL LEADER.—Confound it! That's no sign. Is he with us or against us?

DON'T anticipate having a good time unless you can stand disappointment.

Don't fail to look forward to your vacation, as that's all the fun you'll have out of it anyway.

Don't go away from home, or you will not be comfortable.

Don't stay at home, or
you'll long for a change.

Don't save up your money to lose it at poker before you start.

Don't fail to have a goodly wad, so that you will not have to deny yourself anything.

Don't go to the city and be
hot and crowded.

Don't go to the country
and be eaten by mosquitoes
and choked with dust.

Don't go to the mountains and be lonesome.

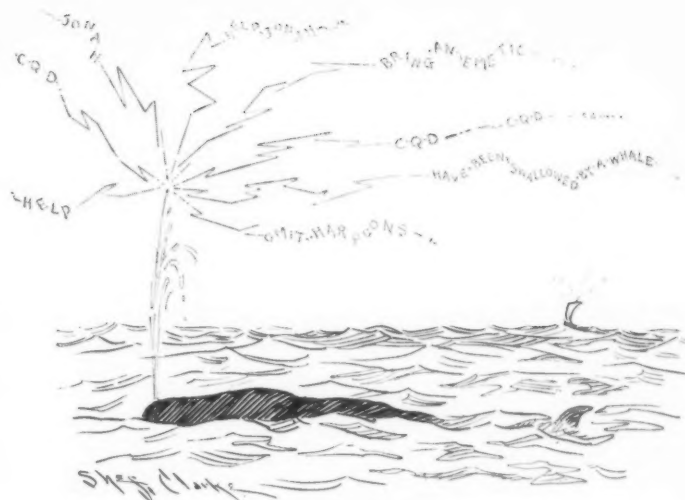
Don't go to the seaside where you'll have to
mix with the vulgar herd.

Don't go away with a chum if you expect to keep him as a friend.

Don't mix with strangers, because you will have to be polite to them, and it will be difficult to find anything in common.

Don't go to or with relatives, as the more they see of you the more they'll knock you.

DON'T pay any attention to these rules. Advice has spoiled many a vacation.



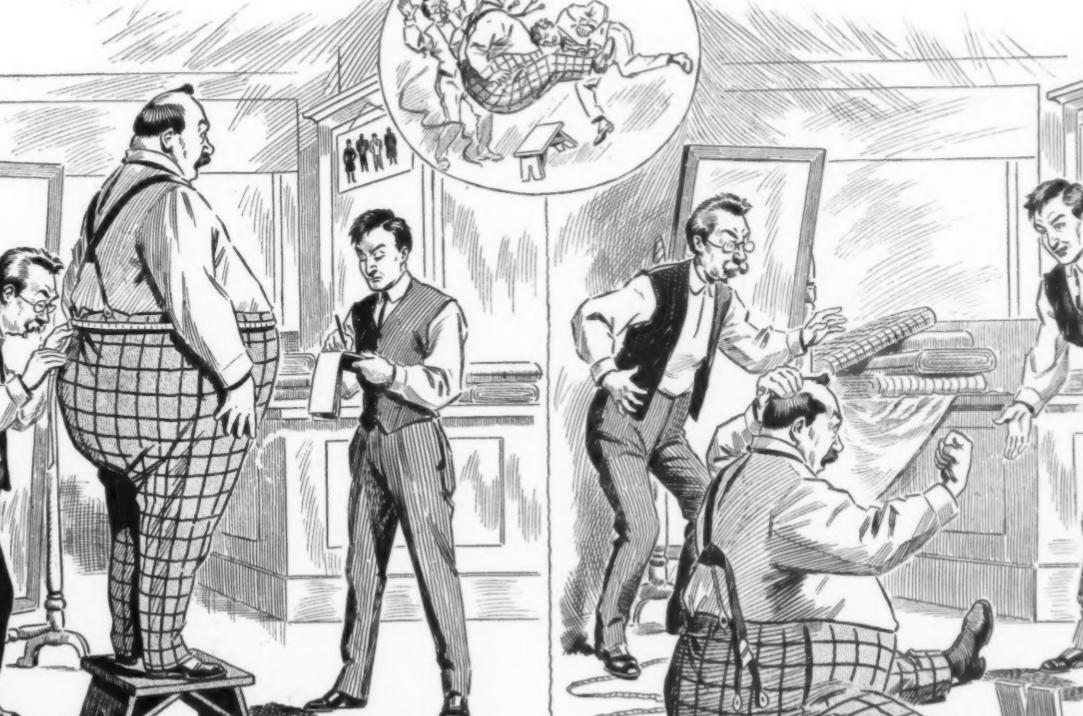
THE TRUE FACTS IN THE CASE OF JONAH AND THE WHALE.

DE Lawd speaks in de ragin' stawm!" solemnly said good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent sermon. "He bats his eye, an' dat's de lightnin' flash; his whisper am de thunder! Den, don't shout when yo' argies in pra'r wid de 'spectation o' talkin' louder dan de Lawd, and gittin' de best o' de 'scussion dat-uh-way, and winnin' suppin' yo' knows yo' awtn't to have. Yo' kaint' out-shout de Lawd, muh friends! *Yo' kaint' out shout de Lawd!*"

MRS. HIGHUPP.—What's the matter, dear?
MRS. BLASÉ.—I'm sure I won't know
how to take care of little Emma after next year.
You see, she is seven now, and I never had a
dog that lived over eight.

POLITICAL LEADER.—Confound it! That's sign. Is he with us or against us?

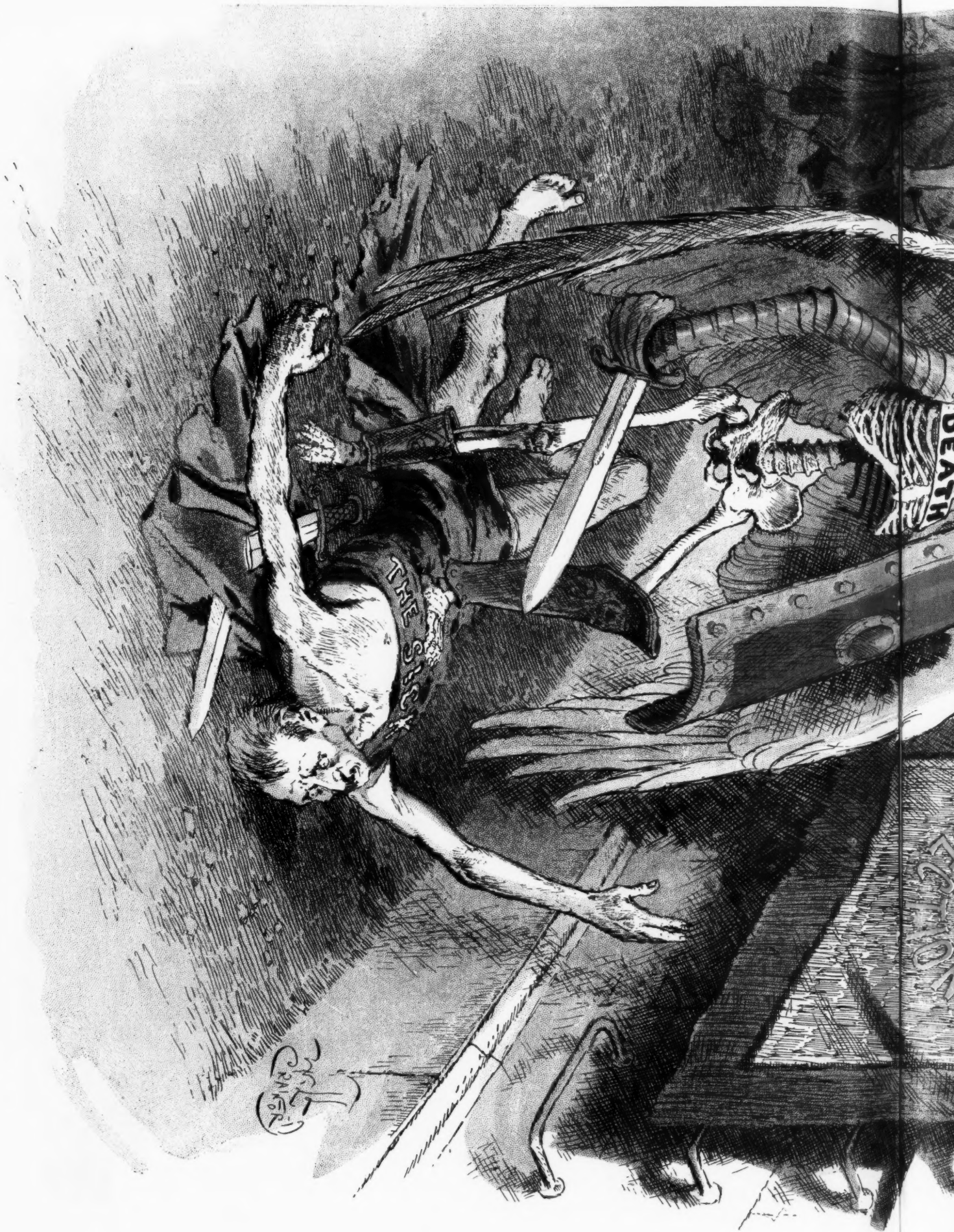
You see, she is seven now, and I never had a dog that lived over eight.



TAILOR (*to assistant*).—You got dose figures I just gif you?
44 — 16 — 48 —

TAILOR'S ASSISTANT.—Gee, I beg pardon, sir, but that was an old football signal of mine. I used to go through tackle on that signal.

"THUMBS DOWN!"





PUCK



"WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

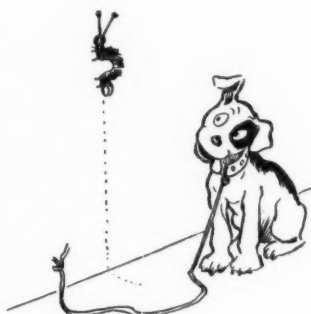
THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

THE ATTORNEY.—Your name is—?
THE WITNESS.—Simpson—John H. Simpson.
"Simpson, eh? What is the H. for?"
"Henry."
"I understand. Your age?"
"Thirty-five."
"Do I understand from this that you are thirty-five, or that you will be thirty-five at your next birthday?"
"I was thirty-five my last birthday."
"Then in truth and in fact you are more than thirty-five years of age?"
"I suppose so."
"You suppose so? Don't you know? It is necessary that you be more definite in your replies. Will you say that you are more than thirty-five years old?"
"I was thirty-five years old a week ago last Tuesday."
"So? What day of the month was that?"
"The tenth."
"Sure it was n't the ninth or eleventh?"
"I am."
"You wish the jury to understand that it was the tenth, and that you were thirty-five years old on that day, and that it was Tuesday and not Monday nor Wednesday—you wish the jury to understand that?"
"I do."
"Kindly be a little less vague in your replies to a direct question. I do not wish the jury to

become confused by vague and irrelevant replies. You now say that it was Tuesday?"

"I do."

"Whether or not you were born between six in the evening and six the next morning, or between six in the morning and six the next evening, and who was present and if the inci-



"INTERESTING!"

dents attending your birth were of the customary nature or in any way peculiar? Yes or no."

"I don't know."

"Ha! You don't know? Do you not know that when a witness takes the stand in this court-room he is expected to know what he is testifying to? The jury will note that the witness admits that he does not know anything about his birth. But we will let that pass. Do you know whether you are married or not?"

"I am."

"O, you are? Sure of that? You don't just happen to think so? Now will you say positively that you are married?"

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF.—I object.

THE JUDGE.—What has this man's birth and marriage got to do with the dog-fight he is going to tell us about?

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENDANT.—Your Honor, I am only seeking to bring out all the facts in the case.

THE JUDGE.—You don't have to go back

thirty-five years to bring out facts about a dog-fight that occurred last month. Objection sustained.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENDANT.—It seems hard, Your Honor, that I should be denied the privilege of producing evidence that might have weight with the jury. But we will let that pass. Now will the witness please state if he has children, and if so how many, together with age and sex of each? Yes or no.

"I have four children—all boys."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Dead sure."

"I only ask to remove all element of doubt



"EXTREMELY INTERESTING!"

in the minds of the jury. By the way, what is your occupation?"

"A clerk."

"A clerk, huh? You are thirty-five years old, or some days past thirty-five; you are married and have four children that you say are all boys, and you are a clerk. Now we are getting down to facts—or alleged facts. Now—whether or no you are related by consanguinity or by marriage or in any other way to the dog—I mean to the defendant in this case?"

"I ain't related to the dog nor to the man."

"The witness will please stop giving irrelevant replies to direct questions. Have you a dog of your own?"

"No sir."

"Have you ever had a dog or been part owner of a dog or are you interested in dogs in any way and in the dog in particular that enters into this case, or were you ever bitten by a dog, and if so in what part of your anatomy were you bitten and what were the effects of said bite and whether or no you took action against the owner, together with color or sex of the dog."

"I never had a dog, but a cussed dog bit me once."

"Aha! The jury will observe from the very nature of the reply that the witness has a prejudice against dogs—a long-standing, deep-seated, vindictive, unreasonable prejudice against one of the most useful, the most intelligent, and most affectionate of domestic creatures. He hates dogs. He has practically admitted it. He would do away with all dogs. He never had a dog. The jury will please keep this in mind. It is important. It is direct evidence. Now, sir, we shall go back to and before your birth. Do you know or do you not know of any pre-natal influence connected with your birth that would have a tendency to make you afraid of dogs or cause you to hate dogs? Yes or no."

"I don't know what you mean by 'pre-natal.'"

"What—what—WHAT! You come here to



FAIR WARNING.

NEW YORK COP.—Hey! What you killing that guy for?

THUG.—None o' yer business!

NEW YORK COP.—Now, don't get fresh, or I'll run you in!

PUCK

testify in a dog-fight case, and don't know the meaning of a common little everyday word like pre-natal—a word that even a clerk might use a thousand times a day in his work? Did n't you ever use that word, sir? Answer me with no equivocations."

"I never used it in my business as a clerk in a grocery-store, sir."

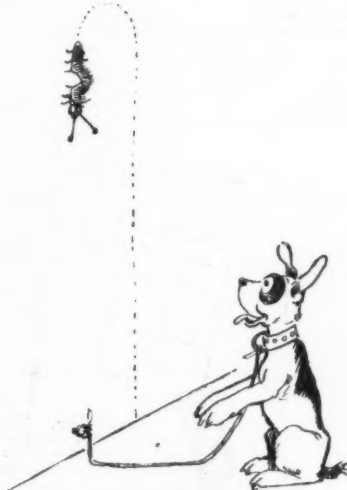
"Well, it must be a queer grocery-store that you run. But I will overlook your ignorance on this score. Now, whether or no you were present when this dog-fight occurred in front of the store in which *you say* that you are a clerk?"

"I saw the fight."

"You did, huh? You sure you was n't down in the cellar of the store drawing kerosene or molasses or awhile away delivering groceries or in the back part of the store or possibly carrying on a flirtation with a customer of the opposite sex?"

"I saw the fight."

"Is it not a fact that your father had only one eye and that your mother was nearsighted



"NOW WHAT!"

and that one of your children five years old wears glasses and that there are cataracts in your family and that on the twenty-fifth day of October three years ago you went to an oculist to have him get some foreign substance out of your left eye and that on that occasion you said to the oculist that you feared you would have to wear glasses some day—is not that a fact?"

"I can see as well as anyone."

"That is not answering my question, sir! When a man appears in court to testify as to what he saw with his own eyes it is imperative, highly imperative, that the jury knows all about his eyes, sir, and if you are blind in one eye and the other is defective the jury should know it and——"

THE JUDGE.—The Court will take a recess of fifteen minutes.

Max Merryman.

UNCLE HAWHEE'S PHILOSOPHY.

"DEY tells us dat de fiddle am an invention o' de devil, but yo' 'll nodice one thing, sah. Dis is it: Every time a fiddle is made dey has to kill a-nudder triffin', no-count scoun'rel of a tom-cat to git de strings. Ain't dat so, Brudder Lobstock?"



STUNG!

CITY VISITOR.—Why do you let your boy play around those beehives?

FARMER.—So's he 'll git a taste o' what 's comin' to him if he leaves the farm for the city.

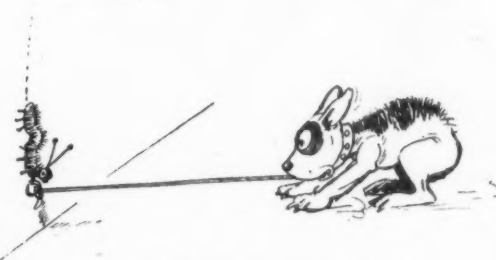
TOO SOON TO DIE.

"SAUVE QUI PEUT!" cried the heroine, for she, at least, had been educated abroad.

When the words were translated for the villain, he lost no time in laughing sardonically.

"It is true," he rejoined, "that the waves run mountain high, and the ship is leaking at every seam. Likewise the captain is bellowing hoarsely through his trumpet from the bridge, ordering the boats cleared away. But these circumstances, while suggestive, are really not decisive as against the exigencies of plot and serial rights. Madame, allow me!"

And with that he reached her his hand, and with knightly grace conducted her to the door of her stateroom.



"CAN IT BE THAT——"

ANSWERED.

TEACHER.—And why should we begin at the foot of the ladder?

WILLIE.—So if any of the guys at the top falls we 'll be near enough to give 'em the laugh when they hit the bottom.

ALWAYS.

WILLIS.—The first thousand is the hardest. GILLIS.—That's right. After you have it, you can get enough credit on the strength of it to live comfortably the rest of your days.

NOTHING seems so hopelessly lost, when it is lost, as a heart; yet nothing, when it is lost, is by the experience of the centuries so absolutely certain of recovery.

THE FAMILY RISE.

IN days that were happy and olden,
In days when the world was all golden,
They lived in, to no man beholden,
A Farmhouse.

Time passed, and more money amassing,
They lived in a manner surpassing,
And dwelt in, all others outclassing,
A House.

Years rolled, and their riches abounded,
Augmenting the fortune they founded,
And luxury later surrounded
A Villa.

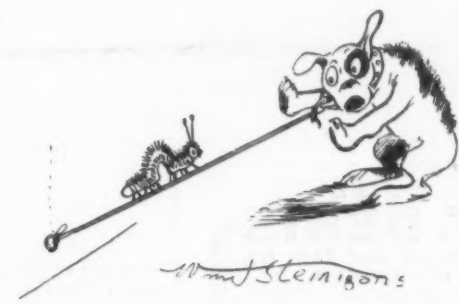
With decades it still went on swelling
Past reckoning, counting, or telling,
Until they had christened their dwelling
A House Beautiful.

McLandburgh Wilson.

LOVE.

MABEL.—I am sure he must have loved her very dearly?

MAUDE.—I should say so. He married her in spite of the fact that he had been out in the rain with her all one afternoon, was seasick with her, and saw her unexpectedly at home the morning after a dance.



"HELP!"

The average woman's notion of a cosy corner is one so full of sofa cushions that no one can get into it.

"JOHN, did n't you tell me that all savings-banks are run in practically the same way?"

"I believe I did. What's wrong now?"

"O, nothing, only if they are all about the same, why did I have to go to a certain one to-day when I wanted to draw some money?"—*Buffalo Express.*



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WHISKEY

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ACCEPT NO
SUBSTITUTE

AN APPLICATION.

"Happiness," declared the philosopher, "is the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it."

"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased an owl-car on a rainy night?"—*Toledo Blade.*

"NOTHING is so bad that it could n't be worse," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes," agreed the Simple Mug, "we can't suffer from insomnia and nightmare at the same time."—*Philadelphia Record.*



MARRIED FOR MONEY.

"Let go, Martha! I can't support you any longer!"

"O, you ungrateful brute! After I've supported you for a whole year!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PARS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply— inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 283, St. Louis, Mo.

"WHAT would you do if I should shoot myself?" asked the ardent suitor.

"I'd sign up in vaudeville immediately," replied the actress. "I should not have time to get a play written. These shooting sensations soon fizzle out."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"I HEAR Jenks has come into a fortune."

"Patrimony?"
"No, matri." —*Yale Record.*

GEORGE. — Yes, dear; anything you say, goes.

MARGUERITE (bored to death). — George! — *Columbia Jester.*

Simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.



Club Cocktails

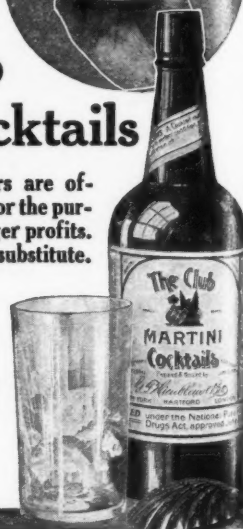
When others are offered, it's for the purpose of larger profits. Accept no substitute.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

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It will shine on it benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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has the Call.



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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

LACONICS.

The colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of Gen. De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant, and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics so can I."

So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."—*Human Life.*

HUBBY GETS ORDERS.

WIFE.—What's that white stuff on your shoulder?

HUSBAND.—Chalk, from a billiard cue, you know.

WIFE (*sniffing*).—Hereafter I wish you to use chalk that doesn't smell like toilet powder.—*New York Weekly.*

"Our slogan," says the Indianapolis *News*, "is: 'Swat the flies!'" The advice to the team here, however, is to bend out those sizzling grass-cutters—they're harder to get.—*Detroit News.*

JAMES BRAID SAYS:

No athlete can do himself justice if his feet hurt. Many thousands are using daily Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. All the prominent Golfers and Tennis Players at Augusta, Pinehurst and Palm Beach got much satisfaction from its use this Spring. It gives a restfulness that makes you forget you have feet. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing and gives rest from tired, tender or swollen feet. Allen's Foot-Ease is sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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The perfect dull linen finish is an exclusive patented feature not approached in any other waterproof collar. We guarantee every collar to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

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ON THE DOCK AT OSTIA.

Cæsar's wife snorted. "What's the use of being above suspicion when they dig into your trunk just the same?" she cried.

Herewith she indignantly paid the customs.—*The Sun.*

"WHEN I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens."

"What kind do you mean?"

"The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—*Exchange.*

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Sole Agents for United States.

EARLIE.—Say, pa, what is a charity ball?

HIS DAD.—A charity ball, my son, is a scheme to enable the wealthy to exhibit thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and gowns in order to raise a few plunks for the poor.—*Boston Globe*.

THE latest Mrs. Nat Goodwin is said to have written a book. If all the other Mrs. Nat Goodwins buy it she will have a "best seller."—*Denver Republican*.

If You Would Preserve Your Lustrous Eyes, Use Murine Eye Tonic—A Favorite Toilet Luxury. Two Drops—No Smarting—Feels Good.

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Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best tonic & Appetizer. No home without it.
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"I played the part of Venus in a pantomime," said the lady who showed her age and was beginning to have a mustache.

"Well, I would n't let it worry me," replied the one who was still fair to look upon. "Venus was only a myth, so, of course, you did n't hurt her feelings."
—*Record-Herald*.

WIFE (to husband who is creeping about, looking for his bottle).—What are yez looking for, Murphy?

MURPHY.—Nothing.

WIFE (who suspects reason of his search).—Sure, you'll find it in the bottle where the whiskey was.—*M. A. P.*

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DOMESTIC WRAPPERS.

"Your friend is rather indelicate," remarked Mrs. Wombat. "Says she gave her husband some panatellas for Christmas."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I would n't think of mentioning sleeping-garments in public."—*Courier-Journal*.

OUR idea of a big man is the fellow who will walk around, and not through, a game of marbles.—*Dayton Journal*.



Sane
Or
Insane
4th?



Nickels for fireworks cause burns.

Nickels for **SPEARMINT** cause benefits.

Why not spend the fireworks money for the mintleaf juice confection?

Why not give your little ones the enjoyment that's so fine
for teeth, breath, appetite and digestion?

Look for the Spear!

The Flavor Lasts!